

The Victoria Warbler

FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1888.

WILD MUSTARD.

The above weed is becoming very common in many parts of this county. In Opa near Cunningham's Corners whole fields are one mass of yellow; in Butty it places it has firm footing, while few districts are entirely freed from it.

The farmers should 'get up and get' rid of it in some way, else the record here will be the same as elsewhere, - a great depreciation both in the annual crops, and in the value of the farm.

Let the Farmers' Institutes take up such questions as "how to destroy wild mustard," and dabble less with factions, politics, and every-one will be more benefited.

Meantime the appearance of many farms from wild mustard is disgraceful.

AN OUPING FOR THE POOR.

Though Lindsay is not a city, yet are there many poor persons within her borders. Though within a few miles of the beautiful waters of Sturgeon lake, she contains many persons who have never enjoyed a genuine holiday trip.

The Warder therefore suggests that the central charity committee give excursion tickets say during one week in July to any children applying for them; or devise some plan to give those unable to pay for a trip, the benefit of one day's outing.

The managers of the various lines of steamers would doubtless give reduced rates for the occasion.

Cold blooded charity is not charity. Charity and love are meant to be synonymous.

ENGLAND'S WAR SPIRIT.

Of late England, staunch old England, seems giving away to its fear, or rather convulsive shudders at the thought of foreign invasion. One of the lords of the admiralty has figured out to a nicety the number of hours it would take to land 100,000 Frenchmen in England and to march on London. Have they lost the spell which nearly one hundred years ago said, "where there is room for a Frenchman to ride at anchor, there is also room for an Englishman to swing alongside."

The panic stricken fellows go away back to the landing of William Duke of Normandy in 1066, as an example of how the country might be conquered. They actually parade their ignorance of history and military tactics before the world.

They seem not to know that King Harold of England, the day William of Normandy landed, was away in the north, fighting the battle of Stamford Bridge against the troops of Norway, Flanders and part of England; that his small fleet was dispersed by a storm, and that very many in England favored their kinsman and his followers from Normandy.

The Normans were the Northern, called in English history Danes or Scandinavians, who had settled in France around the mouth of the Seine.

But to-day England could muster for the defence of her kingdom fifty armies, each of one hundred thousand men; and there stands not in the world any one hundred thousand foreigners who dare set foot on British soil and face an equal number of Englishmen.

England is safe. Let her keep her militia in order; her navy well stocked with light, swift gunboats; her torpedo system perfect, and she may sleep in peace, without even the proverbial "one eye open." Her large seaports should be fortified, but forts are things of the past, except for bases of supply and defence.

A brave spirit is worth a dozen forts any day.

THE GRAND TRUNK.

Lindsay years ago cast her bread on the waters, and now after long and weary waiting is beginning to reap the return. These returns would doubtless have begun to appear sooner had proper business treatment been accorded the railway company. But two years ago, through the action of THE WARDER, the town began to see the error of its past course in perpetuating petty quarrels with the company, the Board of Trade was organized, and the railway works are now here.

But that is not all. The works have brought with them a large number of skilled mechanics, trainmen, engineers, and firemen. These with their families make most desirable citizens for a town that cannot long remain a railway town. Only those with a large proportion of the spirit of manhood and brotherhood make good servants. The dangerous and arduous nature of their occupations necessitates only good men. Hence has the town already benefited much.

But it will benefit more. The superior officers of the company, fully alive to the important duty assigned them, recognize the importance of this as a centre. They see here a district fertile in at least one essential of railways, viz., men. It is centrally located; and has lines radiating in seven directions. The trade of this station, as well as the district in general, is enormous. When the line north from Hamilton is completed to James Bay, or even to the fertile districts around Lake Pontchartraine; and when the Grand Trunk reaches Saint Ste. Marie and thence forms connection with the Northern Pacific and other roads, then will Lindsay still further reap rich returns.

The quiet visit last Tuesday of the superior officers of the road, &c.

Messrs. Stephenson, Riddell and Mackenzie, will, we hope, result in an early commencement of the new office and passenger station at the foot of William street. Extensive sidings are now being placed; gravel trains are being kept busy; the yards are piled with cars; trains rush through at all hours; and everything indicates life and prosperity. And to crown all, the officers here, Messrs. Matchett, Ferguson, Storer and McHugh, are most attentive and obliging. No one in Lindsay should have an unkind word for the Grand Trunk or its officers or men.

THE HUDSON BAY ROUTE.

Before many years elapse railways will be constructed to Hudson Bay, and ocean vessels will ply regularly from Liverpool to Canada via that route. That being a probability bordering on a certainty does it not behoove the people of this district to look to the opening up of routes from here to James Bay via the Ottawa valley? Examine a map and it will be seen the shortest and best route from Toronto to James Bay is via Lindsay, Hamilton and Sarnia.

But nearer than James Bay are vast areas of valuable mineral and coal lands, timber limits, and grazing and agricultural lands. Toronto is the metropolis of this province, and the through route thence to the north is sure of much traffic.

Let the Board of Trade of Lindsay take up the question.

ANOTHER DEAD EMPEROR.

Only a few weeks ago we chronicled the death of old Emperor William, who as a boy fought at Waterloo. Now his son, best known as the Crown Prince who married Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, King Frederick III. for only a few weeks, follows his illustrious father to the tomb.

The nature of the king's illness was cancer of the throat; but through medical skill his life was prolonged. He is succeeded by his son, Queen Victoria's grandson, as William II.

The late king was one of the noblest figures in history. From infancy a soldier he took part in the short wars with Denmark in 1864; in 1866 in the war between Prussia and the North German States against Austria and the South German States he was renowned for his generalship; but in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 he, as commander-in-chief of the largest army in the field swept everything before him. His great aim has been to give Germany a constitution like England's where the people would possess more constitutional authority than they now do. But it was not to be.

His son and successor is of a different mould, being more narrow and contracted in his views. But if Bismarck lives a few years to school him he may broaden to be a worthy successor to such illustrious sires.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Steps are being taken to organize a branch of the Imperial Federation League in Lindsay. Two years ago one was informally organized but never affiliated. Particulars later.

There is scarcely a farmer in the county who could afford to buy food and clothing for himself and family and educate his children on an income similar to what the average clergyman or teacher receives. Let the public consider the question, and then pay better salaries to deserving men.

Some pathmasters have proper ideas concerning road making; others seem to know nothing about it. Between Lindsay and Oakwood may be seen heaps of stuff intended to be gravel, but in reality it is chiefly rolling stones, many of them larger than a large man's two fists. No stone larger than a hen-egg should ever go on a road. Let the pathmasters rake them off.

In another column will be found a few notes from the pen of a worthy resident of the early days in the district. He is a worthy specimen of the noble Britisher who with his blood partner heroically braved the hardships and perils of pioneer life in Canada, to finally look upon a happy and prosperous family. The reminiscences will be continued.

In this issue we print a fine poem from the pen of the late Thomas Hudspeth, Esq., brother of the esteemed member of parliament for South Victoria. It will, next week, be followed by another, the prize poem in old King's College, Toronto. Those who knew the late Mr. Hudspeth can trace in the lines the touching, manly spirit, lofty thought and nobility of character which characterized that gentleman. His son is now Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of the State of New Jersey.

Teachers are anxiously looking forward to the well earned holidays, when they and their bright cheery charges will be freed for a few weeks' rest, recuperation and recreation. And few there are who begrudge them their holidays. Teachers work hard, are only fairly well paid, and deserve all the kindness and consideration accorded them. Fortunately the chronic grumbler at "the holidays," and "teachers having an easy time," and other kindred invective is becoming a thing of the past. But the world would be monotonous were it not for a few winners here and there.

Credit is claimed by our contemporary for Mr. Barron for getting Mr. Boyd's cattle into the United States free of duty. How nations bow down before the awful majesty of Mr. Barron. If our contemporary will consult the United States reports he will find any man without Mr. Barron's help, can take cattle for stock raising purposes into the United States

free or very. The United States government made no concession in this case more than is their custom to make in all similar instances. Therefore the sixty millions of yankees have not bowed before the "awful majesty" of Mr. Barron.

THE WARDER has pleasure in announcing that in a few weeks a most interesting new story, "During and Suffering - a story of the war," will be begun; and further that every week Dr. Talmage's sermons and lectures will appear in these columns. We shall also publish notes on the Sabbath school lessons weekly.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian church of Canada on Wednesday last set an example to those narrow Methodists who at the recent Hay of Quinte Conference have refused to second or to support a resolution on the bicentenary of revolution of 1688. The Assembly unanimously passed one recording "its admiration of the heroic endurance manifested by our martyred forefathers; and its devout gratitude to God for the great deliverance wrought for our beloved fatherland by the accession of William and Mary to the throne, and its adherence to those fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty of which the revolution 200 years ago was the expression and embodiment." The resolution was carried unanimously. Guess some are sorry they did not show more back bone in Lindsay.

Sir Robert Sale.

"The narrative of the exploits of Sale's Brigade, from the time the gallant veteran left the Capital till Pollock advanced from Peshawur, is full of interest."

From the moment when Sale exercised an independent command, we follow a story displaying the most cautious judgment united with the most daring courage on the part of the Chief, and eliciting similar qualities in his followers when there were opportunities for their exercise, and at all times confidence in their leader as one under whose wings they were safe. With far less means than the army at Cabul, and greater obstacles to encounter, including the irresistible force of earthquakes, Sir Robert Sale triumphed over them all as if it were a daily business and a thing of course! Notice of Sir Robert Sale.

Sunset on the leaguered city: brightly minaret and dome Glitter in the dying splendor: "When will saying succor come?" Hark! the loud, tho' stifled, murmur breathed from quivering lips and sad, - Still was Hope waves out her banner fondly o'er Jellalabad!

Foremost there a war-worn Chieftain, sears upon his noble brow, - Death hath often hovered near him, - doth he fear to face him now? Heart of oak and Will of iron, both are his in Peril's straits, And unflinching will the Veteran guard his post, or meet his Fate.

Heard ye not the thrilling mandate, - "From the place of doom go forth!" See ye not the smould'ring billows, ruin-freight, sweep o'er the Earth! Firm, the voice of Care unheeding, we could dare the stern command; Prophet-like, from out the Earthquake, its foretold a saving hand.

In the corse-piled breach of Ghunnee, who more sternly brave than he? When brave hearts grow faint at Ticeen, whose stout arm won Victory? In the death-gorge of Jugdulluck, when Destruction swooped to smite, From the gloom of Despairation, who but us brought welcome light?

Molten storm may rain around him, grim death dealing in its fall; Famine, hungry-eyed, may menace, yet us yieldeth not to all; Guardian stars of Mallavelly still watch o'er him as of yore; Genius that presided at Proma, Kookhin and Travancore!

Courage! for the God of battles works for you deliverance high; Courage! hero-few, inglorious thus shall none engaged die; Poemen worthier shall meet you, - mid the death-hail hurdling fast, 'Mid the gleam of gun and sabre shall your bravest breathe his last.

In the thickest of the conflict, where the life-streams fastest flow, - Where the hot breath of Artillery fans the soldier's cooling brow, - There, beneath his tattered banner, grasped in Death's grasp comrades tell, How the brave old British soldier, gallant Sale, victorious fell!

But, what sudden cloud hath settled on that battle-furrowed brow; What untimely breath of Winter stivers 'ere his head with snow; From the prison-vale of Lughman there hath come a captive sigh, From the far camp of his comrades shrieketh Death's last agony.

Phantom-like, a lonely horseman, sole survivor of the fray, Horror-stricken, weak and wounded, hither bent his weary way; In his hand a shivered falchion told of strife he fought so well; He fulfilled the direful omen, - "ONE ALONE SHALL LIVE TO TELL!"

Morn once more! and on the stillness coming sounds are thick'ning fast, Joyously each bosom boundeth, now Salvation comes at last; From afar where kingly wanders, - from the barriers of Peshawur, To the great Imperial City, now is heard the tramp of War.

See advancing thro' the twilight, flag on flag, and spear on spear; - List the hoofs of rushing war-steeds sounding nearer and more near! Ales-Bogham to the rescue, pourth forth the long array; Not in vain the Watcher looketh, - Hope dethereft not to-day.

They have come, - and Cannon-voices thunder out their notes of gloe; They have come, - but not to battle - stern Jellalabad is free! Frontly, in the breaking sunlight, England's meteor banner flies, Fearless, in her open temples, Safety, Heaven-begotten, sits.

To his heroic flesh Akbar from the red hot hell hath led; Droopeth low the haughty Crescent o'er the remnant of his Host;

Far away, in dimly circling, where life's latest gasp was sped, While aloft the greedy Vulture o'er the piles of Paynim dead!

Albion, now are added laurels to thy Fame; Glory, with her thousand trumpets, shouteth forth thy Champion's name; In each household, as a Watchword, shall that name remembered be; Synonym for gallant bearing, - pride of Erin's Chivalry!

And when Death at last shall check him mid-way in his eagle flight, Shall Oblivion overwhelm him in its grasp of endless night? No! the sorrows of a Nation shall lament his glorious fall, And the gloom on loving spirits be his lasting funeral pall.

Set up no bedizened tablet, - carve no richly-lettered stone, Worth shall be the proud Memorial, in each bosom graved alone; Epitaph he asks none other, - lofter, soldier never laid Than the name he won in story, - SAVIOUR OF JELLALABAD!

- T. A. HUDSPETH.

ZION - MARIPOSA.

BUILDING. - Mr. Wm. Rogers is building a very fine house which is to cost \$1,500. The carpenter work is being done by Mr. Robert Taggart of Sonja.

PERSONAL. - Mr. Clark, V. S., formerly of Little Britain, is visiting his father-in-law, Mr. James Groves. Miss Nellie Foster is spending a few days with her brother, Mr. H. H. Foster.

CROPS. - The crops are looking well in this part. No weddings heard of lately, but many are expected to come off soon. Cheer up boys.

FOREST HILL.

PERSONAL. - Mr. S. Samis has returned home after spending some time with friends in Wellington county. Mrs. J. F. Clarke is visiting friends at Millbrook. Mrs. H. Broad and family of Lorneville are visiting at Mr. Fleury's. Mr. and Mrs. J. Wickett of Little Britain spent last week with their daughter, Mrs. M. McIndoo. Miss Nettie Clarke of this place has charge of the junior department of Woodville school.

BUILDING NOTES. - Mr. D. McNabb is building an addition to his barn, the raising having taken place on Friday last. Mr. M. McIndoo has built a commodious driving shed.

SICKNESS. - Mrs. Wm. Fleury is again very ill, but under the treatment of Dr. Hart we hope to see her restored to her wonted health and strength shortly.

CONVALESCENT. - Miss E. Fairman, who has been ailing for some time is, we are pleased to state, somewhat better.

FARM RENTED. - Mr. Alex. Brown of this place has rented Mr. J. Morrison's farm in Eldon for a term of years. Mr. Brown has lived in this place for a number of years, during which time he has made many warm friends, who will indeed be sorry to hear of his departure.

SERVICES. - The divine services which are being held in the school house are very well attended. Rev. Mr. Hamilton is at present conducting them in the absence of Rev. Mr. Thom.

VALENTIA, LAKE SONGOO AND JANETVILLE.

NEARLY a drowning accident occurred in Songoo lake of McClellan's Landing on Wednesday morning last. Mr. John Sproule of Janetville, one of the most popular men and best masons of Manvers, in company with another young man were early out fishing. Suddenly the canoe upset and our loyal Irish hero and his companion were floundering in the water; but Mr. Sproule, though a good swimmer had a line around each leg, and the hooks anchored in the weeds, so there he remained - a prisoner. Both clung to the canoe, and shouted - yelled - hollered. Finally Mr. W. H. Ellis living near Valentia, and Mr. Henry Shouidice saw the difficulty and hastened to the rescue. When they reached the scene both young men were bordering on the insensible, they having been in the water upwards of an hour. A few moments more and Mr. Sproule's rich voice would have been past singing in this world "The girl I left behind me." The bodies were borne ashore more dead than alive; but after vigorous external and internal application of restoratives both were restored to their usual vigor.

THE WARDER congratulates his octo-teamed friend Mr. Sproule on his miraculous escape. We have a good old Irish blackthorn, the gift of our friend, and preserve it with much care. To have been called on to wind a mourning badge around its knotty length would have grieved us. The country can ill afford to lose such men as Mr. Sproule, and we advise him next time he goes fishing to sit on the bank remote from the water, and use a silver hook. Messrs. Ellis and Shouidice should be recommended to the Humane society for recognition in bravely saving two fellow creatures from death before their allotted time. - Ed. WARDER.

Low's sulphur soap is an elegant toilet article, and cleanses and purifies the skin most effectually. - 28-6.

DEATHS.

McNEILLEN. - At Lindsay, on Friday, 8th June, 1888, the wife of James R. McNeillie, of a daughter.

WHEATLEY. - Millbrook, on Sunday, June 17th the wife of T. W. Wheatley, of the Reporter, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

SMITH - MURPHY. - At St. Paul's Church, Lindsay, on June 19th, by the Rev. C. H. Ward, Sidney D., son of Robert Smyth to Alice M., daughter of the late Robert A. Murta, all of Lindsay.

WATSON - JORDAN. - By Rev. A. G. Wilson, on June 19th, 1888, at the residence of Mr. James S. McKie, Newwood, to Miss Katie Smart, daughter of Geo. Smart, Esq., formerly of Lindsay.

WARRER - SHAW. - On the 14th inst, by the Rev. Dr. Jamison, at the residence of the bride's uncle, John Smart, Esq., Fort Hope, Mr. James S. McKie, Newwood, to Miss Katie Smart, daughter of Geo. Smart, Esq., formerly of Lindsay.

DEATHS.

KING. - In Lindsay, on Wednesday June 20th, 1888, Norman Harold King, youngest son of George King, Jr., aged 6 months and 17 days.

CONNOR. - In Peterboro, June 19th, Thom Connor, aged 65 years, a native of Clunee, County Monaghan Ireland.

I am Offering This Week

A magnificent range of

BLACK TEAS

IN

Congous, Souchongs, Assams and Ceylons.

COFFEES

of superior quality, fresh and fragrant, ground to order.

JOHN DOBSON.

Lindsay, June 7, 1888.

A. CAMPBELL

WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCER

Has just received choice lots of

Teas, Sugars, Coffees, Spices, Raisins, and General Groceries

Coal Oil and Syrup-Cans, Latest Styles.

ARCH. CAMPBELL,

Wholesale and Retail Grocer, Kent St., Lindsay.

Removed. Removed.

WE ARE NOW BACK TO OUR OLD STAND

and we extend our thanks to our many friends and customers for the liberal patronage they have given us since our late fire. We have opened out a new stock in a new stand, and are prepared to sell Fresh and Seasonable Goods at a great reduction, having purchased them at our own prices.

Call and see us in our new stand.

McCRIMMON BROS.

Look out for big advertisement next week.